



THE

TRIUMPHS of FASHION,

A

P O E M.



[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]

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P. O. E. M.

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T H E
TRIUMPHS of FASHION,
A
P O E M,

CONTAINING
Some HINTS to the FASHIONABLE WORLD;

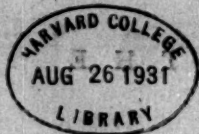
WITH A
WORD to the SAINTS and the NABOBS.

In THREE PARTS.

PART THE FIRST.

L O N D O N:
PRINTED IN THE YEAR MDCC.LXXVI.

And sold by the Bookfellers of LONDON and BATH.



TRUMPET

Nicholas

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TRIUMPHS of FASHION, &c.

IDOL of Fools, at whose glad Summons come

The painted Crowds, when Folly beats her Drum;

Idols of Fools, Subordinates of Vice,

Who rear Examples Standard to entice;

Idols of Fools, who still go Hand in Hand,

And rule despotic in this blessed Land;

Now on these Lines your kindest Influence shed,

And let them be the Fashion to be read.

The precious Subjects that thy Empires boast,

Who Game the deepest, and who Cheat the most,

Who bolder seek the higher Roads to Shame,

And tread more fashionable Paths to Fame,

Or in light fantastic Livery clad,
 With appear less infamous than mad;
 Who ^{H H T}eanly strive those Honours to maintain,
 Which only Virtue and her Friends can gain
 I sin affilt me now, ye sacred Nine,
 Yours is the Honour, but the Task is mine.

or think, ye countless Tribe, alone I mean
 To tread the Mazes, of so vast a Scene:
 A Sage there is, whose Name no Author tells,
 I at somewhere near the Capital he dwells;
 By Nature wicked, but more wicked made
 By a long Practice in a wicked Trade;
 His Heart ungrateful, fertile is his Head,
 To starve the Man by whom he got his Bread;
 A vile, yet wealthy fashionable Elf,
 Fond of a Peer, but fonder of himself,
 The pious guide of many a hapless Youth,
 Who else had wander'd in the Paths of Truth,
 His Aid I ask to point where Vice abounds,
 And guide my Footsteps in those well-known Grounds—

"I come, I come," he cries, "no more invoke,
 "I'll sell my Soul and Body for a Joke;
 "Once I was paid indeed for every Quirk,
 "But now will Gratis do the Devil's Work."—

O! Thou who daily bow'st at Folly's Shrine,
 By whom she's worship'd with a Zeal divine;
 By whom imported foreign Plants take Root,
 Flourish and teem with idiotic Fruit;
 Illustrious Bufo, chief of Fashion's Tools,
 Who standest foremost in the List of Fools:
 Suckled in Italy, brought up in France,
 Whose very Infants sputter French, and dance,
 What does she owe to Thee? What owes she not?
 Whose Name plain Sense can't write without a Blot:
 Know'st thou an Oaf, belov'd by one, that's dear
 To one, who knows the Cousin of a Peer,
 With indefatigable Care, and Pains,
 Thou'lt add one Link, and hang in noble Chains;
 How wilt thou cringe, what Trouble wilt thou take
 To cram Nobility, with Praife, and Cake,

Nor ought, can cool Neglect, or stiff Refusal,
 Thy Perseverance is both hot and tough,
 And sooner than should, Elevation fail,
 Thou'lt hold the Kite of Grandeur, by the Tail,
 But tell us, Bufo, how it comes to pass,
 You take such Pains, to make yourself an Ass,
 Think'st thou that each Right Honourable Paunch
 Who gulps thy Claret, and consumes thy Haunch;
 Think'st thou that each thy Pride and Folly feeds,
 Owes his Emoluments, to worthy Deeds?
 Was it some Act, in Virtues Annals known,
 Was it his Ancestor's, or was't his own?
 O! sad Mistake, for who can fully know,
 The secret Springs from which all Honours flow?
 Yon upright Hog, whose Splendour you revere,
 Owes all that Splendour, to his Grandfire's Beer,
 Had that been staler, in an humbler Way,
 Thy Friend had walk'd, perhaps beside a Dray;
 Old Gripus made three Plumbs the Lord knows how,
 The State lack'd Money, and may lack it now;
 His only Daughter, to her Parent dear,
 Wedded a Fool who wish'd to be a Peer;

He got a Coronet, of Courſe much Senſe,
 The Wench a Huſband, and the Nation Pence,
 And Titles have, but will no more we hope,
 Exalted ſome—exalted in a Rope.

Oft' haſt thou, Bufo, fill'd us with Surprize,
 Thy great Achievements bleſſing Folly's Eyes;
 Oft' have we ſeen thy wedge-like Complaiſance,
 Drive through the Nobles 'till they look aſkance,
 Then to their Converſe gliding like an Eel,
 Tho' to thy ſhame-fac'd Betters lock'd in Steel;
 Emblem of Vanity aloft you ſtand,
 With Brooms to ſweep Plebeans from the Land,
 The Scales of Rank to Pride's vaſt Beam you join,
 And weigh Precedence as you weigh your Coin;
 Forſake a Knight when Barronets are near,
 Forſake a Barronet when Lords appear;
 Fly from a Viſcount to embrace an Earl,
 Compar'd with whom a Marquis is a Pearl;
 A Gem neglected for a ſingle Look
 From one who is, or hopes to be, a Duke;

Nor here you stop, but your aspiring Mind,
 Still soaring, leaves Nobility behind;
 And yet how rare Examples do we see
 Of Moderation as we saw in thee;
 Escap'd by Flight the Queen of Naple's Clutches,
 You, Patriot-like, prefer'd an English Dutcheſs:
 Urg'd by that Worm which never lets thee rest,
 You kiſs'd the Ground which Royalty had preſs'd;
 Thrice you eſſay'd, and thrice eſſay'd in vain,
 And thrice repuls'd, you thrice eſſay'd again,
 Till hunted down the royal Game gave o'er,
 And let thee taſte when it could run no more.

Nor does thy Empire, Bufo, more ſupport,
 Than does his Conſort ornament thy Court,
 How to her Praiſes ſhall we tune our Lore,
 What can we ſay, but what ſhe's heard before?
 Illuſtrious Buſa, whom no Looks can daſh,
 No Hints admoniſh, and no Praise abaſh,
 Still to the Circle, may'ſt thou give the Laws,
 Still ſit attentive, to thy own Applauſe;

Still dead to Shame, untrussed keep thy Place;
 And buy with Jellies Praise to thy Face;
 Still suckle Calves with Cuddard, till they burst;
 Whilst Calf the Second sucks like Calf the First;
 That Dose which never on the Stomach stays,
 But quickly operates, in Streams of Praises
 Such Praise as will the Object credit not,
 Must be disgraceful, and thyself forgot.

(So have I seen a youthful Tribe at play;
 Blow Soapfud Bladders through a Pipe of Clay,
 Which all dispers'd, and floating in the Wind,
 Burst, and remains so small a Trace behind,
 The little Crowd can scarcely think it true
 They saw the airy Bubbles, which they blew:
 From Thee, what may not mighty Fashion hope,
 Who mad'st a Lover of an aged Pope.
 Soon as the Voice of Flattery shall cease,
 Hence o'er the Seas and measure Stones in Greece,
 There tell us how, and when, and where you dine,
 And from what Pig's Posteriors flows the Wine;

Nor here you stop, but your aspiring Mind,
 Still fearing, leaves Nobility behind;
 And yet how rare Examples do we see
 Of Moderation as we saw in thee;
 Escap'd by Flight the Queen of Naple's Clutches,
 You, Patriot-like, prefer'd an English Dutches;
 Urg'd by that Worm: which never lets thee rest,
 You kiss'd the Ground which Royalty had press'd;
 Thrice you essay'd, and thrice essay'd in vain,
 And thrice repuls'd, you thrice essay'd again,
 Till hunted down the royal Game gave o'er,
 And let thee taste when it could run no more.

Nor does thy Empire, Bufa, more support,
 Than does his Comfort ornament thy Court,
 How to her Praises shall we tune our Lore,
 What can we say, but what she's heard before?
 Illustrious Bufa, whom no Looks can dash,
 No Hints admonish, and no Praise abash,
 Still to the Circle, may'st thou give the Laws,
 Still sit attentive, to thy own Applause;

Still dead to Shame, unruffled keep thy Place;
 And buy with Jellies Praises to thy Face;
 Still suckle Calves with Custard till they burst;
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There tell us how, and when, and where you dine,

And from what Pig's Posteriors flows the Wine;

From thence to *Aegypt* send us o'er a Book,
 To let us know how foul *Egyptians* cook,
 And lest the World should lose a precious Pair,
 Be both embalm'd, and end your Travels there,
 So keep the Fashion longer than your Breath,
 Preserv'd a Monument for Fools in Death.

By Fortune's Hand in some low Station thrown,
 Most likely Vice had mark'd them for her own,
 Blest with her Gifts, they're but Ambition's Tools,
 The Road thro' Poverty, to Vice for Fools.

Is there a Bard whose piercing Eye like Jove's
 Thro' Nature's closest Walks at Pleasure roves,
 Blest with Abilities of Pen and Speech,
 Beyond the Limits of a Patron's Reach?
 Is there a Bard who neither poor nor craz'd,
 Who'll praise a Fool, because a Fool has prais'd?
 Should he, who once far better Paths has trod,
 From two such Mortals hammer out a God,
 Suck'd in the Vortex of her Spinning Wheel,
 Should he so strong the Breath of Fashion feel,

And be so very fashionably curst,
To puff the full-blown Couple 'till they burst;
All Men must wonder, what can be his End,
And Science blush to own him for a Friend,

O! Thou from whom we hop'd far better Things
Than fulsom Flattery for Fools or Kings,
Who laid successfully, whilst Fashion shrunk,
The Axe of Ridicule to Folly's Trunk;
Say wherefore wilt thou prostitute thy Lays,
And give up Satire's lawful Rights to Praise?
Within thy Reach the Pride of Science' Root,
Why pluck the Foliage, and neglect the Fruit?
Turn now thy Steps this Way, O! come along,
And be henceforth Companion of my Song;
Let thy keen Eye range round, without Restraint,
Pierce and lay open, what I'll strive to paint,
From Basset's specious Outside strip the Skin,
And shew the Scoundrel as he is within.

O! damned, vile, inexorable Wretch,
Whose Mind for Mischief's ever on the Stretch,

Who ever tak'st the Chair at Satan's Revel,
 Villain in grain, prime Agent of the Devil;
 Is there a Man, and such is sometimes seen,
 Who Vice and Virtue balances between,
 Who hesitating wishes to step in,
 And only startles at the Name of Sin;
 In Vice's Cause so fearful and so brave,
 We know not which to call him, Fool or Knave;
 Thy pious Aid his Title soon shall tell,
 And plunge him headlong in the Gulph of Hell.
 Stew'd in the Sweat of Sin, from Morn 'till Night,
 A Den of Thieves, was ever thy Delight,
 Skill'd in each nicer Circumstance of Vice,
 Of Cocking, Racing, Juggling, Cards, and Dice,
 Fathers and Mothers, Widows, Wives, till Death,
 May curse the Minute when you drew your Breath;
 Sprung from thy Loins, a Kennel Half thy own,
 Thy Pack of Hell-hounds, make the Nation groan,
 Know'st thou a Greenhorn on whom Fortune rains
 A golden Shower, which wash'd away his Brains,
 Thy Agents ply him so with Whores and Drink;
 The unhappy Youth shall not have Time to think,

Thy faithful Terriers soon shall run him down,
 Nor ever leave him whilst he owns a Crown;
 Nor from the Catalogue can Love exclude
 The wretched Females of thy cursed Brood,
 Perhaps unwilling they receive thy Laws,
 Compell'd to dabble in the common Cause;
 Beauty must stoop to spread her silken Nets,
 To bring thee home, and hedge thy desp'rate Bets,
 Must serve thee ever as thy ready Tools,
 Glad to convene a weekly Group of Fools,
 Compell'd with rascal Sharpers to be match'd,
 And pull the Pidgeons which thy Wiles have catch'd:
 Art thou at length so very callous grown,
 To all Disgrace, the Junto's or thy own?
 Hast thou so soon forgot those woeful Rubs,
 That sad Disaster of the Knave of Clubs?
 Hast thou so soon forgot, the sad Rebuff,
 Of pilfer'd Pam, detected in a Muff?
 Hast thou so soon forgot the fatal Day
 When to the Rout a Stranger made his Way?
 Humble his Look, and modest was his Mein,
 His Dress not Tawdry, but tho' plain was clean;

To heighten more the Losses which you wept,
 The shameful Reckoning to himself he swept;
 (Fruits of that mean, that execrable Trick,
 That modish begging Box, the Candlestick,)
 He hop'd your *Honour* would not take it ill,
 And on the Table threw the Butcher's Bill;
 Left you to ruminate on two such Shocks,
 And clench'd a Fist, which would have fell'd an Ox;
 And yet this Man so execrably vile,
 So full at once of Complaisance and Guile;
 There are who know, nor yet will make a Stand
 To own they know, and take him by the Hand:
 There are who know, and yet will condescend
 To court Acquaintance, and to call him Friend,
 But what is Friendship under such a Tye,
 But a vile, specious, interested Lye?
 Such Friends, like Dogs in Couples, start the Game,
 The same their Objects, and their Views the same;
 Soon as that Game is hamper'd in a Toil,
 Such Friends will often quarrel for the Spoil,
 Or if they chance to start a different Prey,
 Such Friends take Leave, and hunt a different Way;

But this is Fashion, and, in Reason's Spight,
 Whatever Fashion warrants must be right.

T' exclaim in Print upon that hackney'd Theme,
 That Alehouse Argument, that drunken Dream,
 On which the Multitude were once so hot,
 Of Wilke's and Freedom, and the Lord knows what,
 That vulgar Topic, that poor stale Pretence,
 For Pickpockets to vent their Insolence,
 To raise the Price of those who would not fail
 To sell their Country for a Pot of Ale,
 To storm about the wasting of our Treasures,
 Unknown to blame both Minister and Measures;
 T' insult the King for acting such a Part
 As never enter'd in his honest Heart,
 Or peremptory say we ought to fight,
 To scourge America is surely right,
 Or, like a Blockhead in Opinion strong,
 Implicitly pronounce, That all is wrong,
 We do not mean to treat our Readers so,
 Or prate in Rhyme of what we do not know.

What is this Liberty for which they bawl,
 For which our infant Mob is taught to squall,
 Is't from a Tub the Flames of Hell to paint,
 Or deal out Mercy like the drawling Saint?
 Hail holy Mountebank, from whose weak Stage,
 Enthusiasm snivels, which was wont to rage;
 Hail great Successor of the frantic Mission,
 Hail to thee, scurvy pious Politician:
 How often hast thou fill'd the Ears and Eyes
 Of gaping Crowds with Horror and Surprise;
 How oft' with hypocritic Frenzy meet
 Snuffled Damnation in the public Street,
 Each listener call'd half Devil and half Beast,
 Nor, 'till thy Saintship well was pelted, ceas'd?
 O matchless Impudence, and close combin'd
 With Ignorance, to sport with Humankind;
 How many Families may rue the Day,
 When first you took the Trade to preach and pray:
 How many idle Vagrant's hast thou made,
 That else had liv'd upon a wholesome Trade;
 Who now their Industry shall use no more,
 But to mislead a Mob, and swell thy Store,

And must this wretched Fool, so low a Thing,
 Presume in Print to dictate to his King;
 Could'st thou not let the Wretches slumber well,
 Or only fear thy visionary Hell;
 Art thou so dead to Shame, so callous grown,
 To all Disgrace, the Brethren's or thy own;
 In vain thy Predecessor strove to botch
 That vile Adventure of the Lady's Watch,
 Given for Sale to ease a Widow's Woe,
 And found within the holy Man's Bureau;
 Hast thou so soon forgot the forty Pounds
 Laid by against the Exciseman's went his Rounds;
 The squinting Wretch in vain a Husband shun'd,
 And what from Ruth he squeez'd, Tom made refund?
 Hast thou so soon forgot thy own Reproach,
 When late you whin'd and canted for a Coach,
 All your long Service in the Faith you told,
 And represented you was weak and old,
 Strok'd your lank Hair, which then more flaccid hung,
 And Faith and Spirit trembled on your Tongue,
 Trembled for fear thy more than savage Talk
 Should not prevail, and thou be forc'd to walk:

Then since beyond the Reach of all Disgrace,
 Thou art, no doubt, as impudent as base,
 Next add some little Bedlam—to thy Trade,
 And lock up Madmen whom yourself have made:—

What is this Liberty for which they bawl,
 For which our infant Mob is taught to squall:
 Is't for the Populace t' insult their Betters,
 For Dunces to abuse all Men of Letters,
 To damn the Eyes of all they do not like,
 And take the Law of those provok'd to strike;
 To shove Old Age and Women from the Wall,
 Or beat their Brains out with a Cricket Ball;
 To drive mad Oxen 'till they furious run,
 And kill the People for a Butcher's Fun;
 Is it to whirl like Madmen thro' the Town,
 And run all those who have no Carriage down;
 To break a gilded Chariot with a Dray,
 Or shoot a Heap of Rubbish in the Way;
 To game on Sundays in each public Court,
 And every Shrovetide torture Cocks in Sport;
 Still to repeat the Restoration Jokes,
 And for the Love of Charles destroy our Oaks;

To curse for French a Foreigner who'll speak
 In German, Danish, Portugueze, or Greek;
 To sing seditious Ballads through the Street,
 And damn, because a Scot, each Scot they meet;
 T' abuse the King and Minister by Rote,
 And for ten Guineas sell a Pig and Vote,
 Then swear each Member who shall grant a Tax,
 Deserves at least a Halter or an Axe?
 —This is that Freedom that's so very dear,
 To all the Sons of Liberty and—Beer.

We do not mean to treat our Readers so,
 Or prate in Rhyme of what we do not know;
 But this we know, and this we will maintain,
 In spite of most excruciating Pain,
 Tho' ty'd in Smithfield to the fatal Stake,
 A suffering Martyr for Opinion's Sake,
 He who by Means direct or indirect,
 Shall offer to the Laws such disrespect,
 Whether of Noble or Plebeian Note,
 To give or take a Six-pence for a Vote,
 Deserves, whate'er his Party or Pretext,
 Death in this World, Damnation in the next,

(Unless Necessity shall wring the Heart
Of him who acts the venal voter's part;
'Tis Want of Sustenance can only plead,
In Palliation of so foul a Deed.)

For ever cursed be that fatal Day,
When to the East the Vulture wing'd his Way,
From whom proceeds that Asiatic Gold,
By which the Nation now is bought and sold;
From whom proceed, and wander up and down,
The gilded Monsters which affright the Town,
Our Markets rais'd, our Luxury increas'd,
By what those Wretches plunder'd in the East,
Happy abroad they were some Tyger's Marks,
Or homeward-bound had go'd the hungry Sharks;
Squatted in gilded Chair the Lord knew how,
Destruction scowling from his beetl'd Brow,
Three Years Mundungus sat, and by his Side
For three Years flood Hypocrisy and Pride.
—E'er the gregarious mottled Beast tis said
In former Times had grown to such a Head,

E'er Rapine at the Price of Fame and Health,
 Had smooth'd the Paths to Infamy and Wealth,
 The Leaden Sages wanting Knave or Fool,
 To purchase either search'd the Blue-Coat School;
 Some say from thence the Churl Mundungus came,
 From Parents humble, but of honest Fame,
 What Pity 'twas those Parents did not know,
 He would have clim'd so high, to fall so low,
 Then as a Miller had he ground his Grift,
 Or prov'd an excellent Tobacconist,
 Fix'd near the Robinhood, securely there;
 He might have took at least an *easy Chair*,
 Long circumscrib'd within a narrow Bound,
 Long against Satan did he stand his Ground,
 The Dev'l defied, and constant went to Church,
 That Dev'l which now has left him in the Lurch,
 Like pious Paul, all Things he wisely tried,
 And waited 'till he knew the Stronger Side,
 In doubt to fix, ten Years he ponder'd well,
 Ten Years he ballanc'd between Heav'n and Hell;
 Vice saw the Conflict every Means she tri'd,
 Anxious to win the Waverer to her Side;

(Disdaining to accept of half a Soul)
 Bid to his Price and soon obtain'd the Whole,
 For lo! once more upon the Indian Main
 She launch'd her best beloved Son again;
 Pointed to him and to the Hell-born Brood,
 The weak Mundungus tott'ring as he stood,
 " O list, she cried, my well approved Son,
 " Obey me now or else we are undone;
 " If e'er you mean your Mother's Love to share,
 " If e'er I made thee my peculiar Care,
 " To all unknown thy Wonder-working Worth,
 " When first thy Country vomited thee forth,
 " To Fortune's Mines when none could point the Way,
 " And all mistook thee for a Lump of Clay,
 " If I remov'd the Film from all your Eyes,
 " Shew'd you and them the certain Road to rise,
 " If I, who knew the secret Springs within,
 " Cut the deep Channel for thy Course of Sin,
 " Taught thee old pathetic Scowls to wamp,
 " And order'd Fashion to affix her stamp,
 " Foretold the Regions where thou life shouldst roam,
 " And gloriously close the Scene at Home.

" O now attend, my last Instructions mark,
 " Haste to the Port, and in the Cause embark,
 " Observe Mundungus boggling how he sticks,
 " You know his Price, his Resolution fix;
 " Prompt at thy Call, obedient to thy Hand,
 " Two strong associates at thy Elbow stand."

She said, and straight consign'd them to his Care,
 Than whom not Hell can shew a blacker pair.

Spawn'd on a Dunghill, in an Ale-House bred,
 In early Days to distant Climates led,
 His native Hot-bed so had warm'd his Roots,
 Malvolio soon produced the promis'd Fruits,
 With all that Prudence which instructs to save,
 That wholesome Sense, that makes a Fool a Knave,
 A Heart of Marble, and a wooden Head,
 Hard as that Heart, and ponderous as Lead;
 To every social Feeling callous grown,
 And dead to ev'ry Int'rest but his own,
 His restless Av'rice, which knew no Bounds,
 Is forc'd to take Six Hundred Thousand Pounds;

Say worthless Caitiff, with so vast a share
 Of Wealth, to shew how worthless Riches are,
 Say, hast thou ever sooth'd Distress's Fear?
 Say, hast thou ever dried the Widow's Tear?
 Have helpless Orphans ever blest'd thy Sight;
 Hast thou converted Sorrow to Delight?
 Thou never didst, but dead to Nature's Voice,
 Seem'd in a Parent's Mis'ries to rejoice,
 And to that Sire to whom thou once wer't dear,
 Insulting, offer'd Thirty Pounds a Year;
 Next didst thou act a kind fraternal Part,
 Desert thy Sister, break thy Brother's Heart,
 Insult thy Nieghbours, who at length have thrust
 Thee out of Doors, with Indignation just;
 'Mongst whom thou walk'st forsaken and forlorn,
 Shewn by the Finger of the Hand of Scorn;
 That Youth may profit when indulg'd to see
 How very monstrous Vice appears in thee,
 And Age to young Posterity shall tell
 How they have seen the Masterpiece of Hell.

Born on the Pinions of light Self-conceit,
 See Dicky Swingtail dance along the Street,
 A Thing made up of Curds without the Whey,
 A Sort of fluttering Insect of a Day,
 Which Virtuosi puzzle and Delight,
 At Times a Gnat, a Maggot, and a Mite;
 See how he elbows, fidgets, struts and cocks,
 Skipping like Quixot's Madman down the Rocks,
 Surrounded once by Lickspittles and Minions,
 The smart Dictator of his own Opinions,
 He kept some viler than himself in awe,
 And insolently gave his Betters Law;
 Now sad Reverse, of Sycophants quite bare,
 Can only say—*I would do if I dare*,
 His alter'd Countenance, half Pert, half Dark,
 And only growling who was wont to bark,
 Mock^d jesty now ceas'd, the little Turk
 For ever restless pin'd for Want of Work;
 Could not that restless, that atrocious Spirit,
 Engage for Novelty in Acts of Merit?

Couldst thou not petulant, ignoble Boy,
 Find out, at least, some innocent Employ:
 Oft' hast thou waited whilst thy Betters din'd,
 Oft' hast thou scrub'd the Counter till it shin'd,
 To warm thy Fingers there hast blown thy Nails,
 And Night and Morning clean'd thy Mother's Scales;
 Oft' when a Purser hast thou ta'en thy Rest,
 And play'd at Cribbage on a Sailor's Chest,
 And now Eight Hours deny a Lad to sit,
 Who dealt thy Cards, and listen'd to thy Wit:
 And would'st thou leaguings with that precious Fellow,
 That new dress'd Coffee-Boy, that Punchinello,
 Conforting with that execrable Crew
 Malvolio, Cormorant, the Dev'l knows who,
 Would'st thou now change thy Nature and thy Station,
 Turn from a Ship, the Purser of the Nation,
 Poison the very Vitals of the State,
 And with thy Rottenness a Flux create?
 And are we then to smart from such as these,
 From Maggots sprung from Horse-dung, and from Cheese,

The Constitution ruin'd and undone,
 By Vermin hatch'd beneath an Eastern Sun?
 No, thank our Stars, that in the general Wreck
 Virtue remains their swift Career to check;
 And thank our Stars that one there still remains
 Who lives a Christian on his honest Gains;
 So good by Nature, that when forc'd to rule,
 He scourg'd each Knave, and pitied every Fool;
 Meek is his Temper, steady to his Trust,
 Inflexible, but less severe than just:
 Much Ill he saw compell'd sometimes to feel
 The baneful Vortex of the huge State Wheel,
 In Piety he pays what God has lent,
 And Blessings crown him in the Land of Kent.

O rise the Day when clad in Light Divine,
 Our Monarch's Virtues shall unclouded shine,
 When the curs'd Rabble shall no more complain,
 That those who buy the Wretches, sell again;

When stinking Varlets shall no longer date
 Woes from the Sources which themselves create,
 And yok'd in Sand-carts shall those Asses draw,
 Who first transgress, and then accuse, the Law.

O for some Instrument of royal Worth,
 To sweep at once such Vermin from the Earth,
 To crush who'er foul Maxims have imbib'd,
 And hang at once the Briber, and the Brib'd.

O! glorious Æra, System of my Brain,
 The which to realize, the Hopes are vain,
 Delightful Vision, clad in Fancy's Charms,
 For once I'll hug the Phantom in my Arms:
 Like Grapes on Vines the Burrough-mongers strung,
 Methinks I see them on the Gallows hung,
 Methinks their Groans assail my happy Ears,
 Whilst Apprehension quits her honest Fears:
 Hark what a Shout—to see that clustering Bunch,
 Malvolio, Swingtail, Cormorant, and Punch,

The perjur'd Voters, who are dangling round,
 With Exclamations make the Air resound,
 Heaping Reproaches with their latest Breaths,
 And cursing those to whom they owe their Deaths,
 Whilst royal George, his Comfort by his Side,
 Beholds the Sacrifice with virtuous Pride.

Ah! sad Reverse, awaking from this Dream,
 We view Reality with Grief extream:
 The pluck'd Mundungus still maintain his Pride,
 With sneering Sawney grinning by his Side,
 The mean Malvolio mix with noble Blood,
 Whilst Cormorant in ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~air~~ ^{air} ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~seen~~ ^{seen},
 Swingtail compound for all his Vices past,
 Perhaps, O! Shame, a Senator at last;
 Vice claps her Hands to see her pow'r increas'd,
 And hails the happy Omen from the East:
 Fashion applauds, in vain may Virtue frown,
 Whilst Folly decks him with a tinsel Crown:
 A thousand Marks the Junto will not fail,
 Tho' each a Mark of Infamy intail;

For know each wise, each Reformation Sage,
 Each Gold Refiner of this golden Age,
 Did foul Corruption bursting through the Skin,
 Infect with almost universal Sin,
 Few would be found unfashionably nice,
 If Fashion said, inoculate for Vice,
 And Spight of Reason, and in Virtue's Spight,
 Know this great Truth, — What Fashion stamps is right.

End of the First Part